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*The Tune to the Devonshire Cant :*

Or, an Answer to the PARLIAMENT Dissolved at Oxford.

*In defence of y<sup>e</sup> Parliam<sup>t</sup>*  
— Nonne vides ut nudum remigio laevis. Horat. Ode XIII Lib. I  
4. May. 1641.

**T**HE safety of the KING and's Royal Throne,  
Depends on those 500 KING S alone ;  
Those, under whom some say three Kingdoms groan.

The Commons no new Methods will assigne,  
Of chusing KING S they know the Royal Line,  
Was wont to be reputed as Divine.

Your English-men who understand who gave,  
Their KING his Royal grandure scorn to have,  
His Majesty their General, their Slave.

As frantick and outrageous as were,  
Their VOTES ; they shew'd their Vigilance and care,  
And nought like those could dissipate our fear.

They are Dissolv'd and with them all our hopes,  
Prepare for Smithfeild fires for Racks and Ropes ;  
For that's the pleasing Exercise of P O P E S.

Now to create Intestine Broyls what need  
Is there, of those experienc'd things take heed,  
When'th States Blood's hot 'tis dangerous to bleed.

In all true Hearts it would a Love create,  
To see the Supreme power dissipate,  
All Pentioners, those Spungers of our State.

The Commons aimes were but to regulate,  
Things shuffl'd out of place in Church and State,  
Not to cramp Justice but corroborate.

When they offend they justly feel the smart,  
Impos'd on them by some ambitious heart ;  
Who's swollen envy breaks out like a Fort.

But here's the mischief, they espouse the Law,  
Hate those who Subjects from Allegiance draw,  
And of their Royal Master stand in awe.

We've grounds to hope when next they meet they'l bring  
Wise Counsels, Grave Proposals, ev'ry thing,  
Conducive to the Peace of People and KING.

If so, we'll sing adieu to P L O T S, in vain  
Shall Rogues attempt to shake our Peace again,  
And then great C H A R L E S most happily will reign.

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